

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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APRIL 9, 1916

After the Storm.

BY AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN.

EVERYBODY in the Ozarks remembers the spring of the cyclone; they count time from it, and when any one mentions hard times they always speak of that spring. This particular spring had been a hard one for us from the first. Two years before, my father, who was a minister, and had been a very successful one, had suffered an attack of brain fever which unfitted him entirely for continuous mental work. It was then that with no capital, and with the large family that ministers usually have, we went into the mountains and took a homestead. During those two years we had built a log house and barn and "deadened" and fenced about twenty acres of ground, and we felt justly proud of our accomplishment. The spring of the "storm" we had broken our ground and planted our corn, sorghum, and potatoes, while at the same time hauling wood to Gentryville, over five miles of the roughest roads in the Ozarks, in order to keep our team in feed and ourselves in "breadstuff" and bacon.

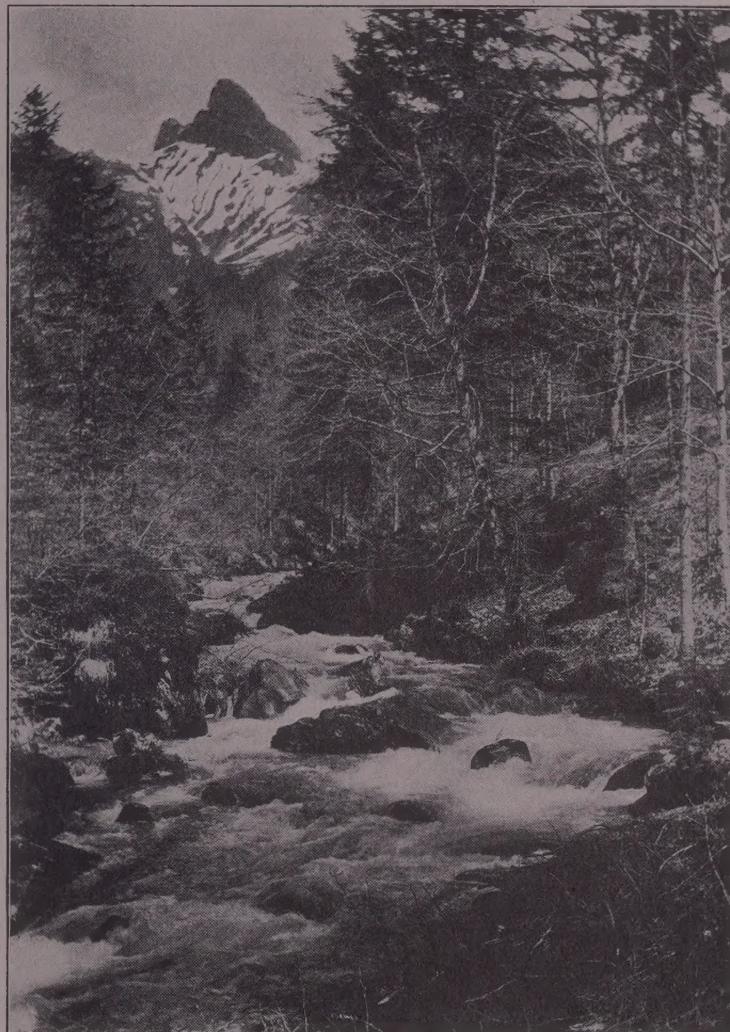
That cyclone came in a moment and passed by in a moment, but it undid many a hard day's work for us. While we all stood in the dooryard gazing at the rapidly moving black clouds there came a light puff of wind, and my father cried, "Get into the house, everybody!"

We scrambled in at the door and the storm struck. For the next half minute I was conscious of nothing save noise and dust, and my mother's voice crying and praying in the confusion. Still I remembered afterward seeing a black oak tree at the gate snap like a stick of candy, seeing my mother's henhouse go to pieces as if it had been kicked by the foot of an invisible giant, and seeing the garden fence lie down flat.

In the midst of my sister's screams and my mother's hysterical praying I heard father shouting: "Don't be frightened! It's all over. The storm has passed."

He unbolted and swung open the door, and we boys all rushed out to see what damage had been done. The roof was gone from the barn, but the two log pens were still standing, and the two old horses, hoof-deep in hailstones, were nosing about their troughs, astonished at this strange new feed. All the paling fence about the yard and garden was lying flat, and the rail fence was scattered halfway across the field. When mother's henhouse had gone to pieces all the young chickens had scattered, and fully half of them had been pelted to death by the fall of hail which followed in the wake of the wind. Fortunately the garden stuff was not yet up enough to suffer much from the lashing of the hailstones.

Our worst loss was due to the fact that half the timber in the deadening had been blown down, and it, with the dead limbs stripped from the remaining half, littered practically every square rod of the field. The bodies of the trees lay all criss-crossed, and



By Hope Macey.

A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN SWITZERLAND.

"Not alone in grand cathedrals,
Not alone in concert hall
Do we hear the sweetest music
Answering every spirit's call:

But in God's own living temple,
'Long the corridors of time,
Do we hear the sweetest music,
Most enchanting, most sublime."

in places made a veritable heap of logs and brush.

We spent that afternoon visiting our two or three distant neighbors to see what damage they had suffered, and returned home that night determined to clear our field and save our crop. After that, for many days, daylight and dark found us at the task. The rebuilding of the fence was comparatively easy, but the clearing of the field was a heart-breaking task. We all worked in the field save mother, but the work progressed very slowly. While we were cutting up and piling the logs we still had to have bread and bacon, and this made it necessary to keep breaking

into the regular work in order to cut wood and haul it to town.

It is hard to describe the long strain that we endured. Before we had half cleared the littered field we discovered that much of the crop had been destroyed by the hail or trampled down by us as we worked, and would have to be replanted. Likewise the weeds and grass were threatening to choke out the remainder before we could get to plow it. In this pinch we plowed and planted sorghum by day, and burned brush and logs at night. It seemed great sport at first, the bonfires at night and the great brush heaps blazing up to the sky; but it soon became

too much of a strain. We stuck to it, however, until we had worked our way one time across the field; and Brother Charles said we couldn't tell where we had been so far as getting rid of the weeds and grass was concerned.

The next day rain began to pour down. It poured for three days, with my father and us two older boys out in it, wet to the skin, sawing and splitting wood against the time that we should see the bottom of the meal barrel. The following Saturday the sun shone a little, and we hitched the horses to the wagon to take another load of wood to Gentryville, when a passing neighbor informed us that Piney Creek, which we had to cross to reach the place, was out of its banks and dangerous.

We started to hold a council of war. Mother informed us that we could not possibly pull through till Monday on our supply of rations. My father turned and looked about him at the field, green with crab grass, and sodden with rain. Then he dropped down upon a near by stump, and any one could have seen that he was a sick man.

"It's no use!" he said. "We've tried and tried; and here we are, right back where we started in! It's no use!"

In this crisis we all felt just as father did, I think. But my mother was no quitter.

"Isn't Gibson's store on this side of Piney Creek?" she asked. Gibson's was much nearer our homestead than was Gentryville, and we had always traded there before our wood-hauling days. We answered her that it was on the near side of Piney.

"Well," said mother, "don't unhitch the horses. I have five good fliers here in the yard, and we will catch up four of the fattest hens and send them to the store. Get a bottle of cough medicine and a dime's worth of quinine, and get meal and bacon with the rest."

I knew from the way she spoke and the way she looked at father that she dreaded a return of his old trouble. I think I shed a good many silent tears as we drove along that bright spring afternoon, and Charles did not speak three words on the way.

Just as we reached the store we met a well-dressed man riding our way.

"Aren't you Parson Finley's boys?" he asked, pulling up.

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"So you're the boys that worked so hard to clear up that field over on the Ridge, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, sir," said I, for my brother seemed struck dumb.

"You've got a good deal of grit," continued the man, "your dad, and all of you. I passed there the day after the storm, and I never thought you'd clear that piece of ground in time to save the crop."

"We didn't," said Charles, the big tears springing into his eyes.

"But I passed there yesterday," cried the stranger, "and I thought it looked like it was in pretty good shape except that it needs plowing again."

"But the creek's up—and we can't haul wood—and we're out of"—Charley hesitated to finish.

"Feed?" queried the man.

"No, that don't make much difference—we're out of"—again my brother hesitated.

"Rations?" shouted the stranger. "Why, my boys, that's nothing to be ashamed of." The man looked down at the rut of the road for a thoughtful moment and then looked up

and began to speak again. "But I guess you boys are wondering what I am so inquisitive about. Well, it's this: I've got a lot of cattle that I want to run on the range over about your place and beyond, and I want some good responsible person to look after them for me. They'll have to be rounded up pretty often till they get used to the watering places and the range. I'll furnish you a pony and feed him when he's in use, and I'll pay you four dollars a week for your work. Now, then, do you fellows want the job?"

"Yes," shouted Charles and I in one breath. That four dollars per week would feed us and our team and thus allow all of us save the one that was looking after the cattle to put all our time on the crop.

"All right," said the man; "I'll come over to your house Monday morning and get one of you to come and help me drive the cattle over. And listen, I've got a couple of good milk cows in the herd, and your mother is welcome to the milk just for looking after the calves."

"Thank you," we bawled after him as he rode away, "we'll be ready to go with you Monday morning, sure!"

"It always pays to be honest and industrious, doesn't it, boys?" said Mr. Gibson, the storekeeper, who had come out in time to hear the whole transaction. "Do you know why that gentleman hired you to look after his cattle? It was because he passed your place and saw you all at work, and because you cleared that field that he thought you wouldn't clear. Now you're on the road to success, and you're going to get through the summer O. K."

And we did. Father's illness lasted only a few days, and what with milk and butter, and garden stuff, and wild fruit later on, we lived better than many a flat-dweller of to-day; and we made a good crop, too. During those terrible weeks we had learned some good lessons—lessons of the value of hard work and of holding on. We boys learned there the things that bring success, and we have had our share of it ever since.

The School Report.

IN Reading I am "Good," it says;
In Spelling, "Excellent";
And always in Geography
I get a high per cent.

I'm "Good," too, in Arithmetic,
In Music, and the rest;
And father says he's glad to know
In school I do my best.

But then he shakes his head, and says
He wonders how 'twould be
If teacher asked him to make out
A "Home Report" for me.

There's "Rising Early," "Bed on Time,"
And "Minding Promptly," too;
And "Table Ways" and "Cheerfulness,"
And "Little Things to Do."

In some, perhaps, I might get "Good";
In others, I am sure
My marks would not be more than "Fair,"
And some would be just "Poor."

JULIE A. KENNEDY,
in Youth's Companion.

Medio Pollito: An Old Story from Spain.

RETOLED BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

ONCE upon a time there lived in old Spain a high-stepping black hen. She had a large family. Twelve of her children were round, soft little chicks, with beautiful feathers and beady black eyes, but the thirteenth was a half-chick; he had only one leg, one wing, one eye, half a head, half a beak, and only half a tail. His mother was surprised when he came out of his shell.

One day the black hen said to him, "You poor little fellow, you will always have to stay close beside your mother, and your name shall be 'Medio Pollito,'" which means half-chick in old Spain.

The brothers and sisters gathered around little Medio Pollito and tried to cuddle him, but he wouldn't be cuddled. His mother then tried to tuck him under her wing, but he wouldn't be tucked. He hopped upon her back and, looking this way and that, said, "I am Medio Pollito, and I do as I please. I wish to see the world."

Whenever the black mother hen called, "Come, chick, chick, chick," twelve little chicks came running to her with wings outstretched, but Medio Pollito always ran the other way, with a hop and a kick and a hop and a kick. The first time mother black hen took her family for a walk in the corn-field, Medio Pollito ran away with his queer little hoppy kick and hoppy kick.

His mother missed him and called, "Oh, Medio Pollito! Oh, Medio Pollito, where are you?" She was so frightened. His brothers and sisters began to cry, "Oh, dear little Medio Pollito, where are you, where are you?"

All this time Medio Pollito was hiding behind a stalk of corn, because he was so contrary.

When the black hen found him, she said, "Oh, Medio Pollito! why did you leave your mother? You gave me such a scare!"

Answered Medio Pollito, saucily, with his half a head on one side, "I am Medio Pollito, and I do as I please. I wish always to see the world."

Next day Medio Pollito again ran away from his family. That time he was almost caught by a hungry crow. Medio Pollito called loud to his mother, "Peep! peep-peep-peep!"

Mother hen saw the crow and came running. She scolded that crow. "Go away—go away! Cut-cut-cut-cut!" said she.

The crow was afraid to take Medio Pollito then, and flew away; but he hovered above the corn-field a long time afterward, angrily saying, "Caw—caw—caw!"

Next morning Medio Pollito ran away before breakfast with a hoppy kick and a hoppy kick. That time the cat tried to get him. Medio Pollito called his mother, "Peep-peep-peep-peep!"

She came running. "Go away, cat," said she. "Cut-cut-cut-cut!"

The cat walked away slowly, stepping high and waving her tail; her back was humped up in the middle, and she looked ferocious!

"Medio Pollito, my dear little son," said the black mother hen sadly, "I do not know what will become of you unless you stop running away and stay close beside your mother."

Then said the twelve brothers and sisters, "Oh, Medio Pollito, dear little brother, do be good! We are so afraid we shall lose you!"

Answered Medio Pollito, saucily, "I am Medio Pollito, and I do as I please! I wish always to see the world!"

"Come, chick, chick, chick," then called mother hen; "let us eat breakfast!"

Twelve little chicks went skipping to breakfast beside their handsome mother, but Medio Pollito hoppity kicked and hoppity kicked, first on one side, then on the other, now in front and now behind them, because he was so contrary.

It happened that the Wind was watching. Said he: "That little half-chick makes his mother more trouble than all her other children put together. There he goes running away again!"

Sure enough, while the family were eating breakfast, away went Medio Pollito with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick.

"Woo—woo—hooooo—ooo!" roared the Wind. "Go back to your mother, you little half-chick! Woo—hoooooooo!" The Wind straightway spread out the feathers of Medio Pollito's one wing, and the feathers of his half a tail, sending him whizz—bumpety—bang! against his mother's side.

Mother black hen laughed, so did the twelve children. The minute Medio Pollito could speak and before he had time to straighten his feathers, said he, "I am Medio Pollito, and I do as I please! I wish always to see the world!"

Mother black hen tucked her head under her wing when Medio Pollito said that, but she looked up to listen, and lifted one foot high when the Wind offered to take care of Medio Pollito, forever and forever. "He shall be of use in the world," promised the Wind.

For many weeks the Wind kept blowing this way and that way to keep Medio Pollito close beside his family, but one day he went on a journey. Then away ran Medio Pollito for a stroll.

"Oh, Medio Pollito! Oh, Medio Pollito!" called his mother. "Where are you going?"

"I am off to Madrid to see the king!" answered Medio Pollito.

"Oh, Medio Pollito, you silly chick!" exclaimed his mother. "Come back, come back! You are too little for such a journey; come back, come back!"

"Oh, Medio Pollito! Oh, Medio Pollito!" wailed his brothers and sisters. "Come back, come back!"

Medio Pollito wouldn't come back! On he ran with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick without waiting to say "Good-by!"

"If you will go," called his mother, running after him, "be sure you are kind to every one you meet!"

Medio Pollito pretended that he didn't hear what his mother said. On he ran with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick. Later in the day, as he was crossing a field, he passed a stream. The stream was so full of weeds and water-plants the water couldn't flow freely.

"Oh, Medio Pollito! Oh, Medio Pollito! help, help!" begged the stream as Medio Pollito hopped along its banks. "I am Water and I cannot flow freely! Do come and help me by clearing away these weeds!"

"No, I shall not stop to help you," answered the half-chick. "I am Medio Pollito, and I am off to Madrid to see the king,"

and away he went, with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick.

Soon he reached a camp fire burning low.

"Oh, Medio Pollito! Oh, Medio Pollito!" called the Fire in a weak voice, "help, help! Oh, Medio Pollito, gather some sticks and dry leaves for me or I shall go out! Oh, help, help, Medio Pollito, for I shall die!"

"No, I shall not stop to help you," answered the half-chick. "I am off to Madrid to see the king!" and away he went, with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick.

Across the fields and over the country hastened Medio Pollito, until one morning he could see the steeples of Madrid. He was passing a large chestnut tree when he heard the Wind calling from the branches.

"Help, help! Oh, Medio Pollito, I am your old friend the Wind! I am caught in the branches and cannot get out! Help, help!"

"No, I shall not stop to help you," answered the little half-chick. "I am Medio Pollito, and I do as I please. I am off to Madrid to see the king!" and away he went with a hoppity kick and a hoppity kick.

That very day Medio Pollito reached Madrid and was glad when he saw the towers and steeples of the city. He went hoppity kick, hoppity kick, through the streets until he reached the king's palace. There he knocked at the wrong door; he was at the back door of the palace instead of the front.

The cook answered his knock. "Who are you?" inquired the cook.

"I am Medio Pollito," answered the half-chick, cocking his head on one side and lifting his half a tail high; "I came to Madrid to see the king!"

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the cook. "You shall go to him in chicken-broth for his dinner!" So saying, the cook lifted Medio Pollito by his one wing and dropped him in a kettle of cold water, and put a cover on the kettle.

"Oh, Water, Water!" begged Medio Pollito, "do not wet me like this! Help, help!"

"Ah, Medio Pollito," answered the Water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away out in the woods, now I cannot help you!"

Then the fire under the kettle began to burn, so that Medio Pollito danced about, calling, "Oh, Fire, Fire, do not burn so hot! Help, help!"

"Ah, Medio Pollito," answered the Fire, "you would not help me when I was dying in the wood, now I cannot help you!" and the Fire burned "Crickety—crackety—crackety—snippy—snappy!"

Just then, when Medio Pollito was most uncomfortable because the Water was so wet and the Fire was so hot, the cook took the cover from the kettle to see if the broth was ready to serve. Up popped Medio Pollito.

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed the cook. "You are only a little half-chick! You are not good enough for the king's dinner!" Straightway the cook lifted Medio Pollito all dripping from the water, and tossed him out of the window.

There the Wind caught him and tossed him this way and that way, and this way and that way, higher and higher.

"Oh, Wind, you are so cold! Help, help!" begged Medio Pollito. "Let me go, let me go!"

"Oh, Medio Pollito," answered the Wind, "you would not help me when I needed help, but for your good mother's sake I shall always help you and you shall live where you can see the world and be of use at the same time."

Over the roofs of the houses, above the towers, up and up, the Wind carried Medio Pollito, this way and that way, to the top of the highest steeple in Madrid. There he left him.

And there stands Medio Pollito to this day, blowing this way and that way, as the wind blows. And men call him the Weather Vane.

April Moods.

APRIL'S often coy and cold,
April's gifts are slowly doled,
But something bright you may rely on;
She smiles, and there's a dandelion.

April's often fickle and shy,
She'll scarcely glance at the passer-by,
But something gay your heart will thrill;
She laughs, and there's a daffodil.

April's often in a pet
And frowns, "You can't have spring just yet,"
But something merry will catch your eye,
And up jumps a crocus with "Here am I!"

April often hides away
Behind the clouds the livelong day,
But something golden will meet your look,
And there are marsh marigolds down by the brook.

MARTHA BURR BANKS.



By Mrs. Chas. S. Hayden.

NAN AND HER PET LAMB, "NANCY."



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

MADISON, WIS.,
316 Breeze Terrace.

Dear Miss Buck,—I long have wanted to join the Club, and now am sending you two enigmas. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school. Mr. Gilmore is our minister. My class is the largest class in Sunday school. I hope I can belong to the Beacon Club. I have never seen a button, so I wish to be able to have one. I read the stories and enjoy them.

Your friend,

LILIAN WENGLER.

WABAN, MASS.,
Chestnut Street.

My dear Beacon,—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I only began taking *The Beacon* this year, and like it very much. I go to the Union Church. My minister's name is Mr. Cutler. I live in Waban.

Yours truly,

DONALD HOUGHTON.

HUDSON, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—My friend Evelyn Foster has written to you and has received the pin and I think it is dear.

I like *The Beacon* very much. I go to the Unitarian church of Nashua. My teacher's name is Mrs. Götz. We go over to Nashua, and our minister's name is Rev. M. B. Townsend.

We have many good times. To-morrow we are going on a sleigh ride.

Yours truly,

ELEANOR LESLIE.

CHESTNUT HILL, PA.,
Wyndmoor Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—My little sister, who is four years old, and I attend the Sunday school of the Germantown Unitarian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

I started when I was three years old and now I am nine years old. I like to read *The Beacon* very much and would like to be a member of the Club.

Your little friend,

BERTHA I. KRAUSE.

CASTINE, ME.

My dear Miss Buck,—May I please become a member of the Beacon Club?

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have between eighty and ninety scholars. I am in Miss Silsby's class. There are ten in the class. We like our teacher very much. My sisters and I enjoy *The Beacon*. We read all the stories and like to puzzle out the Enigmas.

Yours sincerely,

VIVIAN B. MOREY.

CASTINE, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have a new minister, his name is Mr. Muder, and I like him very much. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much.

You sincerely,

HELEN N. WESCOTT.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.,
103 S. Elliott Place.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club. I have been a reader of *The Beacon* for several years.

I am thirteen years old and I go to the Universalist Sunday school.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE WATKINS.

ATHOL, MASS.,
47 Fletcher Place.
Dear Miss Buck,—I am nine years old this month, and go to the Second Unitarian Sunday School. The minister's name is Mr. Wilkey. Mrs. Wilkey is my teacher. I like to read *The Beacon* and get out the puzzles and would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Your little friend,

MASON R. ADAMS.
(9 years old.)

BERLIN, MASS.
My dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. I like to get *The Beacon*, and try and get out the puzzles. I enjoy reading the stories too. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. We have Bible stories in our Sunday school class every Sunday. I am nine years old.

Truly yours,

ELIZABETH WOODBURY.

TROY, N.Y.
Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school in Troy. Miss Bowman is my teacher. We learn the sayings of Jesus. I remember the lesson about drawing the water that you gave us at the Summer School last year. I am six years old, and I like to read *The Beacon*. I learned to speak "Let the corners of your mouth turn up," a poem that I found in *The Beacon*. May I join the Beacon Club? Your friend,

MARIAN G. BARROW.

Marian's letter is so beautifully written that we wish all who read it might see it just as it came to us.

Sunday School News.

The Church of Our Father, Lancaster, Pa., reports a newly organized Men's Bible Class, under the leadership of the minister, Rev. E. H. Reeman, which has enrolled more than 30 members.

The Superintendent of the Sunday school of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester gives us a most enthusiastic report of the condition of his school, which, he says, is very much alive. Half the membership in this school consists of boys and young men, and all the officers, superintendent, secretary, treasurer, pianist, and three teachers, are men. The average attendance last year was 90 per cent. of the membership, and this year it is larger. The collections average nearly \$5 each Sunday, although the membership is barely one hundred. Fifty copies of *The Beacon* are taken in this school. A Sunday school ball team is maintained, whose outfit cost \$40. The team has contributed more than \$88 toward the church and for missionary and charitable work.

Our school at East Bridgewater, under its present minister and a new superintendent, has increased its attendance from 40 to more than 100, and is still growing. One of the classes of girls has formed itself into a Pollyanna Club, and there is a newly organized Junior Alliance which is doing excellent work.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 5, 10, 3, is a male.
My 11, 4, 5, 1, is what some people use at night.
My 7, 2, 11, is the abbreviation of a state in the United States.

My 6, 9, is an article.

My 8, 1, 1, 2, 5, is the name of a sunken boat.
My whole is the name of a recent great work.

ETHEL WHYTEL.

ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 13, 14, 15, is a metal.
My 13, 14, 11, 5, 4, is very fierce.
My 7, 12, 10, 5, 4, 14, 15, 16, is a kind of applause.
My 18, 10, 3, 9, is a king among animals.
My 11, 6, 17, 13, is a troublesome insect.
My 1, 5, 19, 13, is something we walk with.
My 2, 8, 16, 17, 2, is lawful.
My whole is the name of a famous woman.

LILIAN WENGLER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals of these six five-letter words spell the names given to members of a religious sect.

1. To drink.
2. Beneath.
3. At another place.
4. A girl's nickname.
5. A girl's name.
6. Spherical.

Scattered Seeds.

DIAMOND.

Begin with a letter, and take it from top. Next, what happens to fruit kept too long in the shop? My next one is speedy, quite speedy, in fact; No one is my next unless he has tact. The old kitchen fireplaces oft were my next, Then a pet name for father—I hope he's not vexed. And then at the bottom, to make quite complete This diamond of words, take a letter from greet.

Youth's Companion.

A BIBLE CHARADE.

My first is a help to one who is lame;
My second for girls, is an old-fashioned name.
My whole was a land which was promised to one
If he followed the Lord till his life work was done.

The Visitor.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 26.

ENIGMA LVIII.—Robert E. Lee.

ENIGMA LIX.—"How poor is he that hath not patience!"

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—C-A-P-e-R
S-t-E-a-m
C-r-An-e
P-a-Ce-r
E-tHe-r

A FAMILY OF "SONS."—1. Mason. 2. Parson.
3. Person. 4. Garrison. 5. Unison. 6. Venison.
7. Arson. 8. Benison. 9. Treason. 10. Reason.
11. Hobson. 12. Samson. 13. Edison. 14. Damson.

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